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THE BYSTANDER
July 24, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander

From Aran to Manderley: Barbara Mullen

Daughter of Pat Mullen, the "Man of Aran" of Flaherty's famous film and a recent autobiographer, Barbara Mullen has become the second "second Mrs. de Winter," taking Celia Johnson's part in *Rebecca*, Daphne du Maurier's melodrama, which was for a time the only straight play running in the West End. She was an instantaneous success last spring in Aimee Stuart's *Jeannie*, a play which ran longer than most in these difficult times, and has been highly praised for her interpretation of her new rôle, bringing a delicate sincerity of her own to the waif-like figure who is cowed by Manderley's overpowering atmosphere. In this picture she surreptitiously wraps up the pieces of a vase she has broken, for fear of her own housekeeper, the sinister Mrs. Danvers

Princesses *Elizabeth and Margaret had a brief but pleasant outing on the Thames the other day when they went for a trip on the river in a motor-launch "commanded" by Admiral Sir Basil Brooke, Treasurer to the Queen, who, incidentally, was wearing an L.D.V. armlet. Another recent appearance of T.R.H. in public was when they both performed in a children's concert at Windsor Castle at which they took part with local schoolgirls and East End evacuees in an action dance, "An Apple for the Teacher," and Princess Margaret was the Dormouse in a scene from "Alice in Wonderland"*

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THERE was never any doubt but that President Roosevelt would get the Democratic nomination. He was the Democrats' only chance against Mr. Willkie's picturesque mop of hair. It is true that the Democratic platform contained some concessions to the Isolationists, but it is significant that the proposal to nominate Mr. Roosevelt came from Senator Hill, of Alabama, who said that President Roosevelt was the man to preserve peace, if this was possible, or to win the war if war was inevitable.

THE hotels and restaurants are putting their own interpretation on the Ministry of Food's suggestion that public meals should be cut down. Some of the bigger hotels in London are not serving meat and fish at the same meal, (though one was maintaining almost vehemently the other day that lobster is not a fish). In many places the number of dishes which are ready has been heavily reduced, and waste is being eliminated to a considerable extent.

IT looks as if a good many of us are soon going to see our last egg for quite a while. All our Continental supplies have now been cut off, and they amounted to 40 per cent. of our total. As for our home production, the Food Ministry is faced with a difficulty. If prices were allowed to soar, then foodstuffs would be diverted from cattle to poultry. This would never do, because the return in food value to be got from the feeding-stuffs given to a cow is vastly greater than the return of the foodstuffs given to a hen. Therefore, the prices of eggs must be kept down, and so the poultry farmer will have less incentive to produce eggs, and so eggs will get scarcer and scarcer.

THE Fascist scoundrels who have taken over the Government of France are already beginning to get a series of painful shocks. They imagined that Germany was going to help them make France into an independent Fascist State, a sort of junior partner in a Fascist Europe. Germany is already making it perfectly clear that she has no intention of doing anything of the sort. The valuables in the French banks are being confiscated; the food reserves and livestock are being transported to Germany; museum treasures are being taken to the museum which Hitler proposes to set up in Munich; the Italians are howling like jackals on the edge of the jungle for their share of the loot; and the Press of Germany and Italy becomes more and more abusive of the Pétain Government.

M. BELIN came to this country not so long ago as assistant-secretary of what corresponded in France to the Trades Union Council. He did not make a big hit over here, partly because he kept on depreciating the British war effort, and partly because his attacks on Hitler did not ring true to our own Trades Union leaders. Now he has been appointed Minister of Industrial Production and Labour in the Pétain Government. He started life as a postman, so perhaps it is not surprising that, in his effort to open the door of personal advancement, he should have knocked twice.

WHAT is happening to the intellectuals of France, the writers and the artists and the scholars? A few of them have managed to get abroad. Jean Giraudoux is in Lisbon and Jules Romains is in Madrid and M. Duvivier is reported to have reached America. But what has happened to André Gide or Malraux or St. Exupéry, the airman who added a hundred exploits with the French Air Force to his already fantastic career? And what has happened to painters like Matisse and Picasso and Derain?

(*Concluded on page 100*)

Royal aluminium *was fetched from Buckingham Palace last week by a W.V.S. van and collectors who included the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken and Mrs. Adie. Pots and pans were sent up from Sandringham and Windsor as well and the Princesses contributed kettles, colanders and cake moulds from their own small house in Windsor Park*

Army soup *was tasted by Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., when she went with a party of women M.P.s to the L.C.C. School of Cookery to see how Army cooks learnt their job. Dr. Summerskill is also campaigning for women to be allowed to become L.D.V.s*

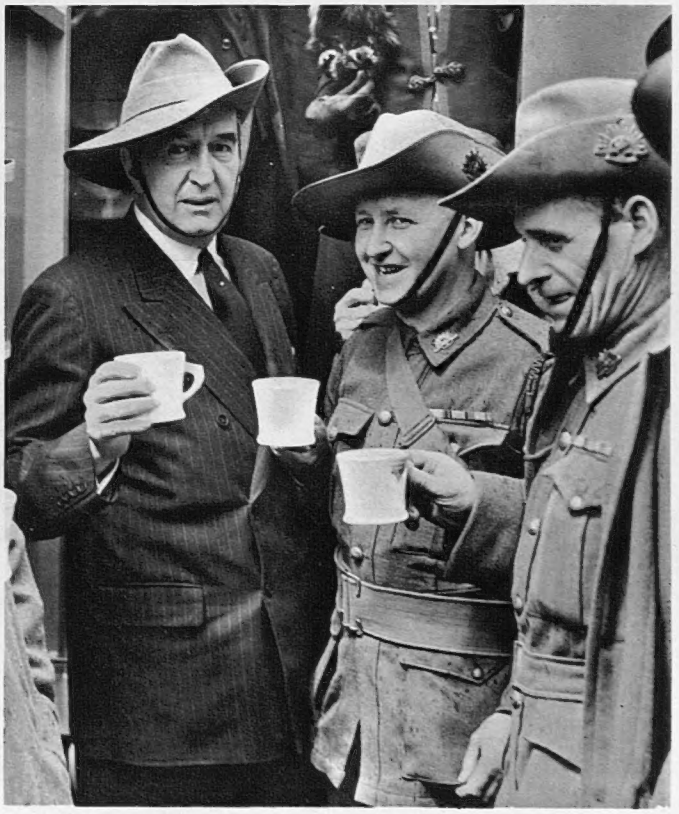
"The Polish Hearth," *Ognisko Polski, a centre for Polish social and cultural activity, has been established at 55, Princes Gate by the British Council, and was opened last week by the Duke of Kent. Lord Halifax, here seen being greeted by General and Mme. Sikorski, spoke, saying: "Once again to-day Poland is fulfilling a heavy but noble duty, and we are proud to stand by her side and have her warriors as our companions"*

The Helping Hand

A Page of Presentations

Ambulance, *presented by past and present Etonians to the Red Cross, was received on behalf of the Society by Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, chairman of the Red Cross executive committee. With Sir Philip in this picture are Major J. J. Astor, who made the presentation; Lord Hugh Cecil, Provost of Eton; and Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, O.E. editor of the "Times"*

Hospital *in Buckinghamshire for the Canadian Red Cross has been presented by the donations, amounting to nearly a million dollars, of people all over the Dominion. Lady Astor was present at the ceremony when Mr. R. B. Bennett, Chairman of the Canadian Red Cross Advisory Committee, formally handed over the establishment to Mr. Vincent Massey, High Commissioner for Canada, and spent some time talking to the Canadian Red Cross nursing sisters who are to work there*



Canteen *presented by Australians living in England was received on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. by Mr. S. M. Bruce, High Commissioner for Australia, at the Strand Theatre, London H.Q. of the Australian troops in England. After the ceremony, Mr. Bruce donned a Digger's hat and sampled the canteen's brew of tea with some of his compatriots, who, as their medal ribbons show, were his comrades in arms in "the war before"*

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 98)

THREE conductors and Mr. Priestley appeared on the Queen's Hall platform last Thursday as supporters of the London Philharmonic Orchestra appeal. Sir Adrian Boult, Dr. Malcolm Sargent and Mr. Basil Cameron led the orchestra, to show once more just why they must be saved. The fact that they are now a self-governing body, run by an elected committee of playing members, should add force to their appeal for funds to prevent their having to disband after eight years of great achievement. Mr. Priestley made a grand speech. As part of it he read the conclusion of the broadcast he was to make later in the evening to America and the Empire. In this he asked for world-wide help for the creative minds of Europe—musicians, writers, painters, scholars, philosophers—who are now crossing a high, trembling bridge over the dark unfathomable abyss of darkness which divides the old world from the new one that we hope to build. Mr. Priestley, with his speeches and his broadcasting, is rapidly becoming a big national figure.

SIR JOHN ANDERSON is a curious chap. He blows hot and cold in bewildering fashion. It takes him ten months of war to crack down upon the "Link," and to intern the wife of our little Fascist leader. And then, suddenly, he comes out in the House of Commons with an extraordinary way of introducing a Bill. He tried to rush the whole Martial Law Bill through the House in one day, but the House wasn't having any, and insisted on some more explanation. The pity of it was that the whole House is strongly in favour of such a Bill in principle. What they objected to was a Bill which carefully did not explain what it was going to do. Sir John tried to base his whole policy on "regulations," which were not included in the text.

THE Christian Council for Refugees has issued an illustrated leaflet, showing how the refugees are pulling their weight in this country, in so far as they are allowed to. Feeling is steadily growing that the general internment policy of the Government simply won't do, and I hope this little leaflet will get wide publicity, and will help to get the policy altered.

DR. GOEBBELS has published an official statement that the R.A.F. bombing raids on Germany are innocuous. The honest Doctor may be quite right, but if so, surely it was a mistake to publish a detailed scale of allowances for workmen who lose work owing to British air-raids. For example, a fortnight's pay is allowed when a factory is hit by a bomb.

MRS. OLIVER STRACHEY, who died last week, was one of that remarkable band of women who, in their youth, were active in the campaign for women's suffrage, and who, after that campaign was victoriously concluded, turned their energies to the betterment of the lives of women in general. Mrs. Strachey's particular object for years was the employment of educated women in good jobs. Only a fortnight ago she was helping the women Members of Parliament to persuade Mr. Bevin that many expert women could be employed in engineering or other skilled trades. You only had to meet Ray Strachey for five minutes to understand that she was one of the personalities of our time.

ON the whole, I am inclined to think that Mrs. Flynn, mother of Erroll Flynn, the film star, would have been well advised not to rush into print on behalf of her wandering boy. "If he had been at home," Madam is reported to have said, "Erroll would have certainly joined up, but he is quite right to apply for American citizenship, because it will save him a great deal of money in British income tax." Mr. Flynn, I understand, is thirty years of age, and I hope he will greatly enjoy the extra money which he will have when he becomes an American citizen, two years from now.

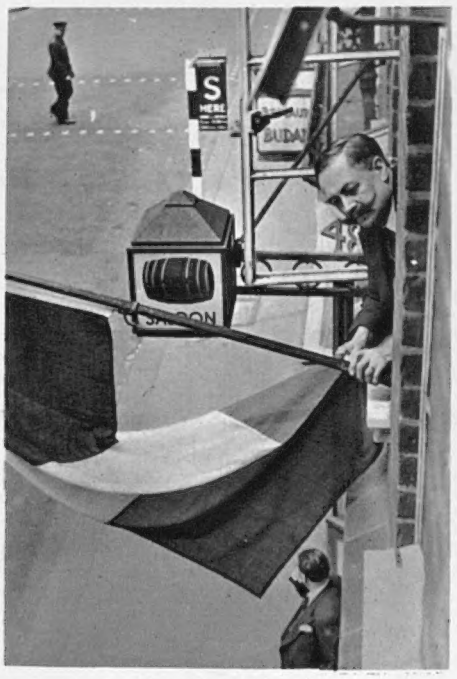
IT is good news to hear that Mr. P. G. Wodehouse is at least moderately comfortable in his villa at Le Touquet, and that the German Embassy in Washington has made a broad hint that the American Red Cross might be able to get his release. I think it was a mistake, however, for Senator Barbour to send the petition to the German Embassy on Mr. Wodehouse's behalf, signed by American artists, actors, writers, and so on. Surely a petition signed by mobsters, gunmen, racketeers and thugs in general would have met with a more favourable reception.

ONE of the greatest of all amateur golfers has died, Mr. J. E. Laidlay. He was Amateur champion in 1889 and 1891, and he fought many famous matches with Mr. John Ball. He played for Scotland regularly from 1902 to 1911. He will best be remembered by his classic remark, often made: "I must trust to a pitch and a putt," and his "long steal" very, very often repaid his trust.

THE best comment on the affair at Oran which I have yet heard came from "Beachcomber" in a conversation with me the other day in a Fleet Street tavern. "For fifteen years," he said, "I have been jeering at stockbrokers. And now look at their answer. One of them takes a canoe and sinks the biggest battleship in the world."

CIVILISATION continues to spread, with its usual disastrous results, all over the world. In Japan geisha are now called dance-hostesses.

***"Le Quatorze,"** the French National fête on the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille, was this year a day of mourning rather than of street dancing in Paris. But in London it was celebrated with freer though still heavy hearts by the many French soldiers and sailors who have elected to serve in the army of General de Gaulle. Wreaths were laid on the Cenotaph and on Foch's memorial in Grosvenor Gardens, and the C.-in-C., with Admiral Muselier, Commander of the free French naval and air forces, inspected a guard of honour*



***Lighter side** of the July 14th celebrations was concentrated largely at the Dean Street pub, where M. Berlemont, London's French publican, dispensed drinks varying from Pernod to mild and bitter to a host of our Allies. Early in the day he hung out a Tricolour that here free Frenchmen might celebrate*

The "Bystander" visits

The Chinese Embassy

Chung hua min kuo, the middle people's nation, may yet prove to be a balance in which the ultimate fate of democracy and peace is weighed. Intermittently since 1931, continuously since 1937, the battle against aggression has there been waged on a scale, both geographically and in terms of men, which is stupefying even in comparison with the events which have shaken Europe in the past months. In Manchuria nearly ten years ago was sounded the first tocsin that boded bitter things for peace. Mr. Stimson, then American Secretary of State, now Secretary for War, heeded the warning, but Britain's Foreign Secretary, Sir John Simon, preferred appeasement for the Japanese. And that policy on Britain's part has, to the rage of most Far Eastern experts, persisted through years in which the Japanese have almost casually destroyed British shipping and property, strangled British business, removed British trousers and generally shown that their idea of an "open-door" policy in China is that the door remains open for Britain to get out of. Even now, when one hoped that appeasement nearer home had finally been quashed, it appears that the British Government's idea of assisting a just settlement in the Far East is to prevent China defending herself in the hope that that will persuade her attacker to stay her hand. China is strongly resisting this attitude, and it has fallen in recent weeks to Dr. Quo Tai-chi, one of the most popular of the Diplomatic Corps in London and an Honorary D.C.L. of Oxford, to impress on the Foreign Office that any step in the direction of assisting Japan's blockade in the name of peace would have grave consequences for Britain's prestige. Repercussions have already been felt in the United States and in the U.S.S.R., which used the Burma Road route extensively for sending the supplies with which she more than any other nation has helped China to keep going

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

***Ambassador** in London of the Republic of China, H.E. Dr. Quo Tai-chi was born in 1888 in the province of Hupeh. He went to the United States as a Chinese government-sent student and took a degree at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1917 he became secretary to Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Chinese Republic, and was a delegate at the Versailles Peace Conference. Returning to China, he was in 1926 Acting Foreign Minister for the Canton Government from which sprang the Koumintang revolution. Dr. Quo came to London as Minister in 1932 and became Ambassador in 1935*

***Prisoner** of the Manchu rulers of China, Sun Yat-sen was in 1893 held captive in this room of China's London Embassy. He secured his release by dropping a letter through the barred window of his cell, beside which in this picture stands Mr. Tan Pao-shen, First Secretary of the Embassy which now represents the government set up by the former prisoner. Above the window are portraits of the English missionary Cantlie who was instrumental in saving Sun's life in 1893, of Sun's son, Sun Fo, with his family, and of Lin-sen, President of China since 1931*

***Staff** of the Chinese Embassy in London are all well acquainted with English ways and include many who have been educated over here or in the United States. Above are Dr. Y. L. Liang (1st Secretary), Mr. T. D. Tsien (1st Secretary), Dr. W. C. Chen (Counsellor), and Mr. P. S. Tan (Counsellor and 1st Secretary)*

The English Scene

Some Aspects of "Disintegration"

The Germans say we are in rapid process of disintegration. The Americans say of us: "Their nervelessness, whether of courage or stupidity, is staggering to contemplate." Mr. Churchill, in the speech from which the two quotations on the right were taken, says: "We are prepared to proceed to all extremities, to endure them, and to enforce them." Here is a sample of the week's pictures of our preparations (or "disintegration")

Agricultural Disintegration of a Car Park

At the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club sanctuary at Wimbledon, the Committee have decided to plough for victory, and the car-parks are rapidly turning from green to a rich brown. Miss Norah Cleather, secretary to the Club for the duration, walked out to see how the job was progressing

"In England Acts Follow With Unexpected Rapidity"

Whatever the "Nachtausgabe" writer meant by that sentence in his "war of nerves" article last week, he certainly didn't realise how aptly it would describe the response to Lord Beaverbrook's aluminium appeal. Pans for planes have been dumped in such quantities at every collecting-point that huge mountains of aluminium have grown up between one day and another. The W.V.S., who handled the collection, breathlessly described the response as "simply staggering"

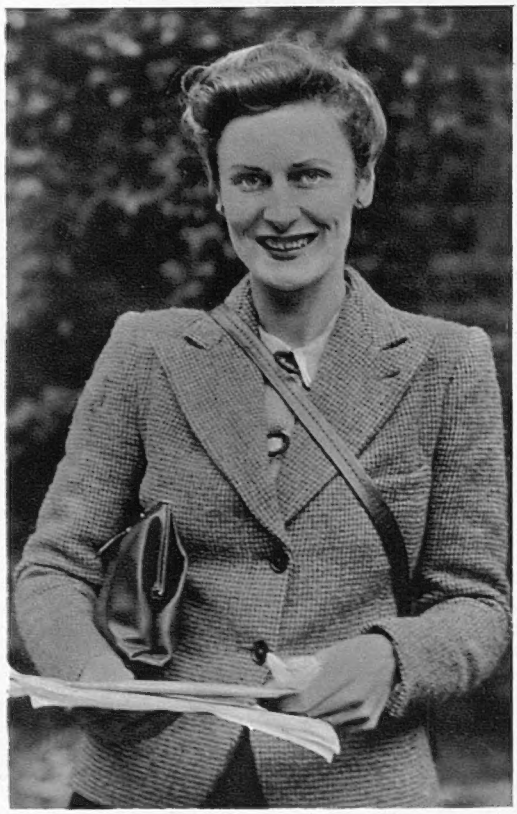
"The British Population Lives in Downright Fear"

So the Germans were telling themselves last week, but a search for confirmatory evidence on the spot would have been hunt the thimble with no thimble—unless drills and practices by L.D.V.s and Civil Defence organisations are evidence of panic. The A.F.S., for one, is still training extensively, and rescue practice gives civilians a chance to learn how to ride through the air in a rope cradle with nonchalant ease

"Here In Our Island We Are In Good Health and In Good Heart"

Barricades in villages and howitzers in meadows are part of the English summer scene of 1940. The strangest things are now scattered about our countryside—old cars on golf courses, lumps of concrete on our main roads, blockhouses and barbed wire and trenches and strong points every few yards, or so it seems. And strange languages are spoken—French and Polish and Czech and Norwegian, and English itself given new twists and tones by Australians, Canadians, and other cousins from overseas. Manning the howitzer below are gunners from Newfoundland who came over not long ago to join the army of 1,500,000 men ready, as Mr. Churchill told us ten days ago, for the Battle of Britain

"We Have 1,500,000 Men Now Under Arms"



Actress-Announcer

Actress *Hermione Hannen, daughter of actor Nicholas Hannen, has been appointed an announcer by the B.B.C. She was last seen on the stage as Lily Langtry in "The Jersey Lily," at the Gate this spring, and has had plenty of microphone experience as a radio actress*

Prizewinner *at the Webber-Douglas School of Dramatic Art this year was Barbara Hackett, who won the Douglas Cup, awarded annually for competition among the senior girl students of the school. The contest was judged by Michael Redgrave, who is now playing the leading part in "Thunder Rock," at the Neighbourhood Theatre*

Student-Prizewinner

News of the Stars

Off-Stage Pictures of Some Theatrical People

Mannequin *at a recent show illustrating the uses of British woollen fabrics which are destined for export to New York was Margaret Vyner, who wore a model by Norman Hartnell, the Queen's dressmaker. Miss Vyner, who crossed the Atlantic as a mannequin for Hartnell during the royal visit to Canada last year, was married last month to actor Hugh Williams, now in the Army*

Volunteer *Lupino Lane, after spending an unprecedented number of consecutive nights on the stage of the Victoria Palace in "Me and My Girl," now diversifies the familiar experience with a sort of patrol different from the Lambeth Walk. He has joined the L.D.V. (now, following Mr. Churchill, to be called the Home Guard). Meanwhile, "Me and My Girl" keeps going*

F.A.N.Y., *the Mechanised Transport Service, has a distinguished recruit in Diana Napier, seen here with her Austrian-born singer-husband, Richard Tauber, who is now a British subject. Tauber is to appear next month as conductor and singer at a concert in aid of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, where the first performance of his own Symphonic suite will be given*

Real people: Inspector Flanning, a sea-dog (Townsend Whitling) and Streeter, a fighting aviator (Robert Sansom)

Figments of imagination: (Selma Vaz Dias, Bernard Miles, Percy Parsons, Rosalind Atkinson, Fredda Brilliant, Frederick Valk)

Lighthouse-keeper with imagination: Charleston (Michael Redgrave)

Sketches by Rouson

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Thunder Rock" (Neighbourhood)

PLAY-PRODUCING societies, formed to present better plays in better ways, are such an old story now that the advent of a new one hardly makes professional critics feel like jumping over five-barred gates for joy. These better plays, these better ways, rarely get beyond the Statement of Aims, which all say the same thing with devious deediness. Therefore, when I read the Statement of Aims of the new Neighbourhood Theatre in Kensington, with its familiar talk of "a theatre with a policy," its promise of an endeavour "to break away from the existing narrow field of subject-matter," and its suggestion of Stanilavsky with knobs on, I felt I was in for a bad attack of the group. But my apprehensions were unsound, for—miracle of miracles—*Thunder Rock is* a better play—vital, intelligent, and born of the moment. Probably the best play of the year, though not ours; Robert Ardrey, the author, being American by birth as well as style.

THE theme of *Thunder Rock* is Escapism. The situation is that we have known during these last ominous and oppressive years. Charleston (Michael Redgrave) withdraws from the world of grim reality where he has specially reported political horrors for commercial news-rags till he is ashamed to take the money, and seeks salvation in a lighthouse. In the first act he has a long argument with an old colleague in journalism, each sustaining his point of view with more vocal violence than the little Neighbourhood Theatre warrants. Will Charleston be able to bear the loneliness? Yes; for he will live in his imagination with the victims of a century-old shipwreck recorded in the lighthouse archives, dreaming of them, re-creating them until they become as real as life, and making friends with whom he can live in peace and contentment.

THE second act is the act of his imagination. The men and women who were shipwrecked, refugees of various nationalities, converse with him, re-live their lives for him. Bit by bit he builds up what happened on the ship—at first uncertainly and crudely, till (shades of Pirandello!) the characters complain that he is not imagining them real enough, and he tries again, so that the audience excitingly sees the same episode enacted more than once with growing truth. But the nearer Charleston gets to the truth, and the more he is engrossed by it, the less of a refuge it becomes, for the reality of these unhappy people is as intolerable as that of the world from which he has been seeking refuge. In the last act they drive him back to the life of action he renounced.

IT is arguable that Charleston pitched on a peculiarly unfortunate set of characters for companionship. There must have been plenty of tolerably happy people since the world began. If so, these would be the people for an escapist to choose. If not, is the world worth worrying about? But *Thunder Rock* is unusually interesting, and so is some of the acting in it. Mr. Redgrave, shouting apart, performs excellently in marked Ralph Richardson vein. Fredda Brilliant as an emotional girl is extremely moving—what a relief to meet a young actress who will consent to look a sight when she is in anguish! And a magnificent performance of an old Austrian doctor is given by Frederick Valk—surely a really big actor in our midst?

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

GOOD times for chaps who are not allergic to heather and ghillies are being had, a chap tells us, at the Army School of Sniping, Aldershot Command. Here real ghillies of the Lovat Scouts, fresh from the deerforests and grousemoors, perform demonstration crawls, through the brushwood, cunningly camouflaged in Balaclava helmets which, this chap assures us, make the wearer look to the enemy like a roebuck. To be approached at walking-pace by anything resembling a roebuck would arouse (and often has aroused) our liveliest suspicions and horror, causing us to leap sideways and grab round wildly for the bromo-seltzer. The Army sniping authorities doubtless realise the enemy will be equally rattled, and of course he will have no friendly medicine-cupboard at hand. Contrariwise, the enemy, on discovering his mistake, and if he survives, probably isn't shy with ghillies, and we are. Nobody could love the Highlands more or take keener delight in those solemn peaks and great open windwashed spaces where the old plain men, as Stevenson complained, have rosy faces; but ghillies, no. For one thing, as we suspected even before Barrie revealed it in *Mary Rose*, they are liable to correct you in Homeric Greek, and for another, their expression too often recalls the bleak lake-wind whistling through their spiritual home, the dreadful town of Geneva. On the other hand, they deserve great praise for their attitude towards the alien rich, whom they despise, oppress, and terrify, and a Highland seigneur once assured us that they also have a pretty kind of wit, if you like that kind of wit. However, what Aldershot chiefly esteems them for is their skill in scoutcraft, camouflage, and sniping, at which ghillies excel, especially when supplied with telescopic sights, a luxury denied to the commonalty.

Which reminds us that the circular foresight of the Ross rifle, with which the L.D.V. will "immobilise" the invader, pending the arrival of the Regulars, is only one of the things one might criticise in this weapon, were one in petulant or teasing mood. The Ross is two pounds heavier than the standard S.M.L.E., has a rather annoying magazine arrangement and kicks like a chorus-girl. Maybe this was why the Canadians discarded it; it reminded them too much, perhaps, of ten days' leave.

"Doesn't look much of a show to me"

Scrap

PARK and garden railings all over the country are already doomed to the munition furnaces, except in a few places where new ones are carefully being erected by independent thinkers round new buildings, and London's lamp-posts are next on the list, it seems. (We ought to keep just one for use after the Great Political Postmortem, perhaps.) But nobody has yet had the nerve to point a finger at the hundreds of statues of forgotten bigwigs which clutter up our public spaces, which is why we're doing it now. Ninety-nine per cent. of London's metal statues are obviously ripe for the meltingpot and their conversion into guns and tanks would confer a double boon on the sensitive; and moreover the authorities themselves have shown what they think by protecting remarkably few. They obviously don't give a damn, for example, what happens to George III. in Cockspur Street. They covered him up anxiously in a wooden box for the Coronation, leaving only the tip of his charger's tail exposed to the fury of the mob, but George hasn't a single sandbag now, whereas Charles the First at Charing Cross and Lord Northcliffe in Fleet Street are swathed in armour. We can't think offhand of any others so treated; probably the Peter Pan statue in Kensington Gardens should be included, a previous Government having notoriously been afraid of the fairies, and maybe Mr. Watts's Physical Energy, which shows a Wimbledon lawntennis queen tearing a lion to pieces for fun, has also been protected at the demand of the National Fitness Council. All the 548 others in London could be carted off and melted down to-morrow and nobody would ever miss them, except the sparrows. It seems to us the opportunity of a lifetime. Here and there some statue or group which is of some practical value might be preserved—e.g., the Gladstone group opposite St. Clement Dane's, on the plinth of which the Spirit of Liberalism with outstretched finger is showing a little boy the quickest way to Temple Underground Station. (Compare the Alfred de Musset group opposite the Comédie-Française, in which the Muse is kindly pointing out to her swooning poet the nearest chemist's shop.) The St. Gaudens Abe Lincoln—copy, unprotected—opposite Westminster Abbey could be made to serve similarly, and a few other pointing or gesticulating big boys might make passable signposts as well, including that Royal Duke taking off his cocked hat in Holborn Circus, an act of old-world politeness which is probably wasted on the diamond-hagglers of Hatton Garden, but would be of considerable educational value in Bloomsbury. ("Yah! *Fascist!*")

"Mind! We're coming to a step"

If the thought of all this good metal standing and sitting about idle—how would you like to have George the Fourth (Trafalgar Square) and his plum-pudding steed hurled at you from a howitzer?—doesn't make you restive, try to imagine what Posterity will say

about a generation which could miss a chance like this. "Twirps" will be Posterity's word for us, among others, we dare predict.

Cops

No Roman author we know of has ever described the after-hours life of lictors, but it 's more than likely that when they dumped the scourging-rods and the axe behind the hall-door of an evening and went out for a snifter with the boys, lictors were as jolly, likeable chaps as New York policemen off duty. So are A.P.M.s, into whose habits and customs we have recently made further research. Like many other people, we got a wrong impression of A.P.M.s in the last war. They don't really enjoy telling the waiter to murmur politely in your ear that they 'd like a word with you in the vestibule, and if you cut up injured or rough it grieves them intensely. Further, you will admit—if you knew them in 1914-18—they 're much more broadminded nowadays and raise brutal hell no more about a trifling matter of gloves, or buttons, or the kind of hat your tailor thinks the Army Council thinks it might like you to wear. A great deal of fussiness over millinery has undoubtedly gone, for better or worse; which gives point to one of the most moving stories of the Dunkirk show we have yet heard. A hardbitten chap we know on Staff duty at a Channel port was watching the flotillas arrive. Like everybody else, he was deeply affected by the indomitable spirit of the troops, which no exhaustion, hunger, thirst, wounds, or anything else could quench, and the homely jests of a rabble of Scots as they limped and staggered past, their bayonets still red, was like music in his ears. But what really knocked him was a company of Guards who had had many days of desperate rearguard fighting. As they stepped ashore, smoothly shaved, their uniforms brushed, their boots and what equipment they had clean, neat, ship-shape and Bristol-fashion, as they immediately formed imperturbable threes and marched away with that familiar swinging easy stride, this chap felt hot tears streaming down his face, and we 're not surprised.

Moral: that there is still something to be said for a rigid discipline and a certain amount of that old-fashioned fuss which a couple of years ago looked like being abolished for ever in favour of that spirit so satisfyingly summed up by Slogger Bairnsfather in that celebrated Old Bill query: "Could I interest you in a spot of drill?" Just in time, that stuff was checked; and we hope our remarks about the nice nature of the modern A.P.M. won't be misconstrued, either. If you 're asking for it you get it, as before.

Snoop

Operating from the Ritz—what a fate for Mr. Arlen's spiritual home!—the Gestapo in Paris have a relatively easy job. Everyone who has ever lived in Paris soon became aware that his concierge was an active unit of a perfectly organised spy-system, and especially the female of the species. That well-remembered harridan, whose avaricious pan was covered with such false smiles every New Year's Day, spent her day scrutinising and possibly reading all your correspondence, noting your incomings and outgoings, your visitors, your purchases, your every habit. Undoubtedly a lot of this information helped to swell the police *dossiers*, and in the case of notable politicians, was treasured up in the secret archives of the Place des Saussaies for use when required. The extent to which the Third Republic political machine flourished on blackmail will probably never be fully revealed, and one might almost call the concierge the hub of that useful system. The curious thing to us was that the average Parisian, a notably touchy and fractious type, bore with this constant espionage so patiently. Ever since Dumas or Eugene Sue or somebody created a concierge in the fifties named Pipelet, the name has been a hated synonym for snooping, and to say that a given *pipelet* held in his hand all the private lives of the block of flats he administered was a commonplace. Hence Himmler's boys have practically everything they need handed them, as it were, on a salver. It 's barely possible, of course, that some of Scotland Yard's secret card-indexes are as interesting as anything in the Place des Saussaies, but we doubt if they cover such ground; and in any case, our own politicians are pure as the driven snow, as every Royal Commission in Island history has proved.

On the other hand, rural England has an espionage system twice as frightening as the French, because it is swift, invisible, and anonymous. Within forty-eight hours of your settling in Arcadia the juiciest details of your private life are familiar to the entire countryside. "Bush wireless," signalling by bird-call and tom-tom, or by raising and dropping damp cow-hides on a smoky fire in the Pictish manner—these are the principal methods of propagating the news, explorers tell us. The delighted grins next day on every homely rustic pan you meet announce how much Arcadia appreciates you.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I'd like you to prepare something rather special, dear. I'm bringing the boss home to dinner"

Films of the Day

A Weak Finale for French Films

By George Campbell

ONE of the sad things about totalitarian war is that it really does affect all a nation's activities. From France, for instance, we shall have no more films—none, anyway, recognisable as French. René Clair's brilliant satire on totalitarianism and dictatorship, *A Nous la Liberté* (how tragic and ironic that title is to-day), the studies in manners and ideas and eccentric individualism that we associate with the French way of life—these things we shall not enjoy again, until France casts off the yoke.

ONE of the last films made in free France, *La Charrette Fantôme*, is now showing in London. As one who believes that at least half the great films of the last three or four years were produced in French studios, I wish I could say they had made a good end on a high note. Alas, *La Charrette Fantôme*, though by no means without quality, is a bit of an anticlimax. Two years ago, *Pépé le Moko* and *Carnet de Bal* were sensations everywhere; Julien Duvivier was regarded as one of the world's greatest directors. I thought so myself. Now—well, I 'm not so sure. It was not merely that his Hollywood film, *The Great Waltz*, was a commonplace, ornate, rather stupid chunk of box-office confectionery. It was the sort of thing that no artist should have attempted, even to please M.-G.-M. Since then, Duvivier has done nothing, and *La Charrette Fantôme* merely deepens one's suspicion that here is a man with great talent and uncertain taste—a man capable of pictorial beauty and flights of moving poetry, but capable also of insincerity and the worst sort of sentimental claptrap.

"LA CHARRETTE FANTÔME"—and that is what I 'm getting at—is made well, and still isn't worth making. The tale of the outcast who believes that he who hears the phantom death-wagon will have to drive it all the year, of the apache whose hand is against all men, and the Salvation Army girl whose touching faith induces him to reform and give up ill-treating his wife—this is melodrama neither better nor worse than *The Lights of London* or *Ten Nights in a Bar Room*. I have no doubt that, given these works to transcribe, Duvivier would invest them with his own magic—scenes of sinister beauty and murky passion—even if the total effect was unconvincing and meretricious.

"LA CHARRETTE FANTÔME" begins well. The opening underworld scenes have the horrid reality, the strange intensity of a dream; the social rebel (Pierre Fresnay), with his hand against every man, the dominant figure of Louis Jouvet, looking like a shabby, embittered eagle, are figures worthy of Duvivier at his best. But then Jouvet is murdered, the supernatural is turned on, and the story goes to pieces. There are effective touches of characterisation, as when the Salvation Army girl mends the outcast's coat, and he promptly tears it again to prove that he is not so easily to be snatched from the powers of evil; moments of beauty and dark poetry, as when the crowd of thieves and harlots, murderers and souteneurs are moved by mass prayer to rise one after the other and cry their sins aloud.

No one knows better than Duvivier, too, the art of creating tension. The scene in *Pépé le Moko*, where the informer is cornered and realises that he is to be murdered, while the mechanical piano plays, has its counterpart in *La Charrette Fantôme*—the drunken, frenzied husband's attack on the door with an axe while his shabby wife stares, frozen with terror, at the splintering door, and at last breaks the spell and runs screaming to the window.

The acting is superb, and in such a story needs to be. Louis Jouvet reels through the early scenes like some drunken spirit of evil, and for me the film lost most of its interest when he was killed. Pierre Fresnay suggests the bitterness and ferocity of the glass-blower who loses his health and his job, takes to drink and beating-up his wife, and is obviously destined to prison or the guillotine when he is reclaimed by the pure devotion of the Salvation Army girl, beautifully played by a newcomer, Micheline Francey. Some of the minor characterisations are quite haunting in their poignancy and power.

"THE GREEN COCKATOO," made in England, is also a tale of the underworld, but how trivial and shallow it seems after even a lesser work by Duvivier. Graham Greene, the author, treats of racecourse gangs, ever ready to draw the knife when a pal has double-crossed them. The characters are never developed, the plot is kept moving by the old device of having characters neglect the obvious explanations, and the suspense would be greater if the tempo were not often slowed down without significance. The best things in it are the photography and the acting of Robert Newton as a likeable crook.

Outcast and Salvationist

The only new film of importance in London last week was "La Charrette Fantôme" (Embassy, Tottenham Court Road), which is reviewed on this page. The last film Julien Duvivier was able to finish before he was forced to leave France, it is a strange mixture of supernatural fantasy and sordid realism. Pierre Fresnay is David Holm, an outcast who is saved from a degraded death by the efforts of a Salvation Army sister, herself dying of consumption. Micheline Francey, who gives a beautiful performance as the Salvationist, is a newcomer to stardom who, at the age of nineteen, has graduated from extra work via the Conservatoire de Paris to become perhaps the last leading lady the fine French studios will turn out for quite a while. Third star of "La Charrette Fantôme" (of which other pictures appeared in last week's "Bystander") is Louis Jouvet

This eighteenth-century Chinese mural hangs in the drawing-room of Mary Borden's home in Strathearn Place. In private life she is the wife of Brig.-Gen. E. L. Spears, M.P. He, too, loves France, and for more than twenty years has worked in various ways for Anglo-French friendship

Lover of France

Mary Borden Prepares to Serve Again

While Brig.-Gen. Spears was carrying out his last duties as personal liaison officer between the British and French Defence Ministers, Churchill and Reynaud, his American wife and her ambulance unit had vanished into the maelstrom of the Battle of France. For twelve days nothing was heard of them. On June 27th Mrs. Spears, her eleven British nurses and fourteen M.T.C. drivers arrived safely in England. Since then the leader of the Hadfield-Spears field hospital (Lady Hadfield was its co-founder and financier) has told in her own words of the experience of the unit during its five months with the French Fourth Army, up to the last retreat from Marne to Loire. Now she is appealing for help in replacing the beds, blankets, instruments, X-ray plant, lorries and cars lost in the battle. "If out of all the great French Army," she said, "only a few thousand remain to fight on, it is to those I am bound," and she has transferred her unit to General de Gaulle's service. Her work as ambulance organiser and leader has left Mary Borden, novelist, no time for creative writing since war began. Her last book, *Passport for a Girl*, was published over a year ago

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Ann Todd: Down in the Country

"Somewhere in England," stage and screen star Ann Todd has found a roses-round-the-door cottage near where her husband is stationed. He is Nigel Tangye, formerly adviser to British Overseas Airways and London Films and now a Squadron-Leader in the R.A.F. They were married last October. Ann Todd's last stage appearance was in *The Man in Half Moon Street*, with Leslie Banks, and she plans to return at the end of the year, having last week made a preliminary skirmish by taking part in the broadcast of Somerset Maugham's *The Letter*. She has also done a good deal of film work, and first met her husband when he was directing the air sequences and she starring in Wells's *Things to Come* five years ago. More recently she was in *Poison Pen* with Flora Robson. Since the war she has not been idle, and for a time worked for the Finnish Relief Fund

Anthony

In "Up and Doing," at the Saville, she dances with swirling skirts and sings songs about love

Patricia Burke

An "Up and Doing" Girl

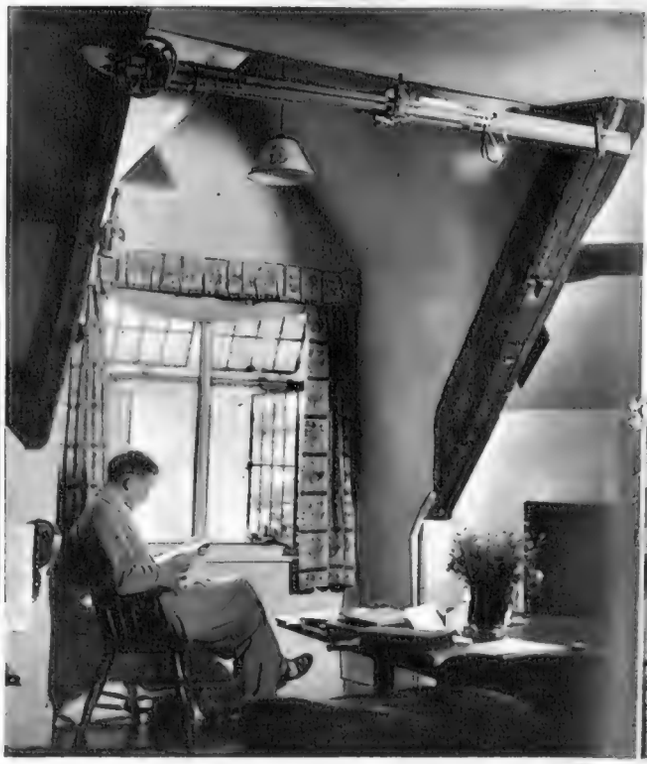
Patricia Burke has been on the go ever since she left Milan as an Italian-speaking child of four. She was born there while her father and mother, Tom and Marie Burke, were singing in opera, came to England with them, and for the next twelve years travelled in Britain, Australia and America with Marie Burke. At sixteen she made her debut at the Gate Theatre, and for another six and a half years worked hard in straight plays, musical shows, pantomime. She had just rung the success-register bell in *Sitting Pretty* last August, when the war ended its run after two weeks. So off she went again in *Shephard's Pie*, touring the provinces, until her pantomime contract brought her back to London (the Coliseum). Then came *Up and Doing* at the Saville, with Leslie Henson, Binnie Hale, Stanley Holloway, and there Miss Burke, now twenty-three, can be said to have arrived, gaily, thoroughly and successfully, in the West End

***Everywhere** that Pat Burke goes Sarah and Sally go, too, and this is one of them. They are part of a family of five produced by Sarah Brown, Miss Burke's much-loved black spaniel, now dead*

***At home** she has been doing as Lord Beaverbrook told her, and produced a very fine haul of aluminium. Clanking over the Bayswater pavements she went to dump her pots and pans at the local W.V.S. centre. She also has a country home in Berkshire called Ivy Cottage*

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Headmaster *of the co-educational school which is one of the best-known of the Dartington Hall enterprises, Mr. William Curry lives in a beautifully designed modern house on the estate. Progressive educationalist theorist though he be, Mr. Curry is more conventionally attired than the young member of his staff with whom he is talking*



Doctor *to the school is evidently a traveller, decorating his house on the estate with skis and a chianti flask. A specialist in child welfare, he has under his care all the pupils, ages ranging from three to nineteen, who are, however, a healthy lot, thanks to their unconstrained open-air life*

The New Amongst the Old

Dartington Hall's Historic Setting for Experiments in Modern Living

EDUCATION, Industry, Music, Agriculture, Painting, Fore successfully carried on at Dartington Hall, in Devon, wh been in progress since 1925. Founders and patrons of this the estate. Leonard Elmhirst has been director of an institu Rabindranath Tagore, and president of the International Co Devon County Council; his wife is, by a former marriage, co-educational school which has been established under W. Philadelphia, author of a standard work on new ideas in educa of Federal Union as an eventual solution to the world's trou allowing as much individual liberty to the pupils as possible a from the bogey that "the speed of a bicycling club is the a fourteenth-century building on the site of a still older ho John Holland, freebooting half-brother of Richard II. Holland, was at one time Admiral of the Western Seas and constable of T

Courtyard *at Dartington Hall shows some of the magnificent fourteenth-century architecture of Holland's house, which has at later periods been extensively but never inharmoniously renovated. Even Holland was not the first builder on the site, and remnants of a still older dwelling form a small part of the present-day house*

The Twelve Apostles, *a dozen clipped yews turf of the Tilt-yard, now an open-air theat In the background is the Great Hall and on th*

***Pupils** of the Senior School at Dartington Hall share with Etonians the privilege of private rooms. The young man receiving a visit appears to be both mechanically and musically minded, judging from the elaborately constructed and installed radiogram in his "bed-sitter"*

estry, Ballet, Textiles; these are a few of the activities here a remarkable experiment in rural reconstruction has s scheme are Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Elmhirst, who live on ute of rural reconstruction in India, private secretary to nference of Agricultural Economists and now sits on the mother of Whitney Straight. Of especial interest is the B. Curry, formerly headmaster of a progressive school at ation, and (in another sphere) one of the leading advocates ubles. The school is run on a form of the Dalton plan, and by avoidance of class teaching freeing brilliant pupils speed of its slowest member." Dartington Hall itself is ouse (of which fragments still remain). It was built by whose chief skill seems to have been as a tournament jouster, Tintagel and Brest. (More pictures on the next two pages)

of immense antiquity, stand guard over the beautifully kept tre where performances are given by the Ballet Jooss. the left the private residence of Mr. and Mrs. Elmhirst

***"Prep"** is an informal affair at Dartington, with mattresses on the floor and sofas taking the place of desks and benches. Clothes are haphazard and comfortable, and everyone mucks in together in the pursuit of learning. Or, more politely, a communal effort to gain knowledge is aimed at rather than a system based on competition. It seems a pity that with opportunities for cribbing so obviously unrivalled cribbing should be no use*

***Antiquity** of the Dartington Hall estate is magnificently shown in its fine old trees, perfect material for study by the forestry department. This cedar, under which ballet students rest, looks over the Tilt-yard, where they rehearse and perform*

Stage *of the open-air theatre into which the Tilt-yard at Dartington has been converted is backed and flanked by fine clipped hedges. John Holland, fourteenth-century builder of the house, was one of the most renowned jousters of his day and therefore provided himself with a first-class home ground*

Strange setting *for an exhibition of the works of Picasso and Chirico from the collections of Roland Penrose and E. T. Mesens is the raftered hall which has been turned into an art gallery. Loan exhibitions of great pictures, ancient and modern; are a regular feature of Dartington, which believes in giving art students the chance to study at first hand the works of masters*

The New Amongst the Old (Cont.)

Some Aspects of the Dartington Experiment

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Co-Director *of the Jooss-Leeder ballet school, which is one of the multifarious Dartington activities, Sigurd Leeder beats on a tambourine as he directs his morning class in their modern studio. The school's elaborate programme includes such out-of-the-way subjects as Eukinetics and Choreutics. Kurt Jooss himself is touring in South America with his ballet company*

Musical Director *Hans Oppenheim at the piano leads some choral singing in the ancient room which has become Dartington Hall's music studio. Oppenheim was formerly at Glyndebourne, another rural centre of the arts in England*

Life Class *begins each day for art students at Dartington. The art school, which is under the direction of Heinz Heckroth, gives a three-year course and thoroughly grounds pupils in structure and anatomy as well as in treatment of subjects in their chosen media*

Apple-juice, *as distinct from apple-sauce, is produced in commercial quantities by Dartington's scientific department. The process was originated in Switzerland and makes out of Devon's famous apples a highly nutritive and (alas!) non-alcoholic drink much favoured by the estate's inhabitants. As will be seen from the picture, there is nothing olde-worlde about the production*

THE wide range of interests which have been brought together by the creators of the Dartington scheme are shown on these pages, where ballet dancers rehearse and carpenters make furniture, where one room holds a Picasso exhibition, another vast tanks of scientifically produced apple-juice. The one link throughout the work is the modernity of the methods employed, and in every department modern methods have been shown to work. Dartington produce wins many prizes at local agricultural shows, and even locals who doubt the validity of the estate's unconventional artistic and educational activity admit to the excellence of the work done by the more directly practical departments under Dr. W. K. Slater. And beyond Devonshire, where the fruits of the scientific work are less seen, the results of the training given in various branches of the arts have proved equally fruitful. But it is especially for the way it co-ordinates all its activities that Dartington would probably prefer to be considered, the way art and science and education march side by side in these remote and lovely surroundings to present a picture of a homogeneous unit working perhaps rather better than the more haphazard outside world

Industry *at Dartington is under the charge of Dr. W. K. Slater, D.Sc., formerly of Manchester University. The purpose of the department is to research into rural industry and the problems inherent in the development of the British countryside, and the activities under Dr. Slater's charge include agriculture, forestry, sawmills, nursery gardening and textile production*

Timber-yard, *which might be part of some modern Canadian sawmill, is another feature of Dartington's materially productive side. Local-grown timber is brought to the workshops and turned into furniture and other wooden products, all made under the most up-to-date scientific principles*

Carpenters' shop, *again an efficiently laid-out building where work is carried on in accordance with modern scientific principles, handles the local wood brought into the timber-yard, makes furniture and is at present at work on a Government contract*

Directors *of Dartington's arts departments work closely together and go into conference on questions affecting the cultural activities of the community. In this picture are Heinz Heckroth (Art), Sigurd Leeder (Ballet), and Hans Oppenheim (Music), with (at his desk) Christopher Martin, who, as Arts Administrator, is in charge of this side of Dartington's work*

Old Bill and Co.: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"'Bye, Maggie. I've just been ordered off to the Front!
The Middle East. You know, Clacton-on-Sea"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Gongster

By V. S. Pritchett

It is hard to believe that the American author of that tediously effusive book *Onward Trolley!* is also the author of the graceful, palatable and curious *Illusion in Java* (Dent; 8s.). A sweetish yet subtle liqueur, it is to be tasted rather than to be drained from the bottle; but think of the books one gulps down without learning whether they have any flavour at all! A sentence on the second page of Mr. Gene Fowler's new story shows that this is an unusual distillation. Old Sita, waiting for her husband to come out of gaol, and gazing at the leaky roof of her hut, the meanest in Java, sends up a wail about the misery of being married to an artist: "Paru, the father, throws away his lands, and Ajoks, the son, his young life. The mice have blisters on their feet from looking for food in this house. Ai, Ai!" Father and son are devoted to the bonau, a musical instrument consisting of a series of gongs on tight strings, hung across a wooden frame; and while Paru was the unwilling guest of the Government, Ajoks was leading home Targo, the bull, and crying ecstatically with a sort of Shelleyean irrelevance, as the raindrops tickled him: "Oho, I am a weaver bird." The more song the less rice, as Sita observed, and screamed despairingly, "Bring me my funeral umbrella." She seemed to be justified. Pring, the money-lender, had collected most of the cooking utensils and the land. With the tactlessness of the Shelleys, Ajoks had fallen in love with Pring's daughter.

So far, so pretty. Perhaps not so pretty, because Paru comes out of gaol a leper and dies in the jungle. But the luck turns when a waddling old Dutchman in grotesque spectacles comes along, not to collect concubines for the Governor (his usual object), nor even to complain that while he is sent out into these stinking villages his wife makes a cuckold of him at the capital, but to buy Targo, the bull. A sorcerer has proclaimed it magical. Ajoks, the innocent, goes off, and the rest of the story tells the adventures of the simple among the crafty.

All this is amusing, because Mr. Fowler appears to have dipped lightly but deeply into the formal comedy and poetry of Javanese speech and custom. The atmosphere is created out of a subtle mingling of realism, poetry and worldly innuendo.

Ajoks is being warned off the Governor's concubine, a lady who "sings as she paints cats, large and small, on the ceiling, the walls, and the doors"—

"Let them come against me! Ai! Red shadows will be painted on the stones," said Ajoks, fiercely.

"Watch out, now!" warned Ranit Ranto. "I am a treasurer."

To Bong Kras's delight, Ajoks did not seize Ranit Ranto, but suddenly asked: "What is a treasurer?"

The official, a puffed-up, scrofulous fellow with the eyes of a badger, did not care to describe his profession.

The nearest parallel is, I suppose, Bramah's *Kai Lung*, which was China for undergraduates: *Illusion in Java* though a book of sugared fragments, is distinctly less conventional.

"Town and Haven," by Oswald Harland (Cape; 8s. 6d.), is another distillation, but of spirits more raw. Whitcliff, is, I imagine, a cross between Scarborough and Whitby, and Mr. Harland evokes the events and atmosphere of the 'seventies when the decaying and rowdy fishing town was about to turn itself into a spa under the direction of one of those clannish, dominating, bleak-hearted, hard-headed Yorkshire families with which the Yorkshire novelists have made us familiar. Mr. Harland's hero is the town. His people are flinty fragments of humanity, eccentric, wilful, violent, shrewd. They are as fantastic as the old doctor, the fluffy-haired centenarian who has discovered the medicinal springs. They are as pawky as Wold Jack, the tramp who has quietly made a fortune by manufacturing Stone Age flints for the deceit of museums. They are as uncouth as the vulgar old mayor, or as coldly dominant as the Alden brothers. That is to say, they are stark creatures all of a piece. Human nature, one reflects, is not something split off in one stroke of the pick. Yet perhaps in East Yorkshire human nature is like that; hard and without bowels, but with its own peculiar fire. There is, to the rest of us, an unconscious humour in the inadequacy of Whitcliff emotion. Anthony Alden, climbing down the sea-cliff, sees the body of a drowned man. Says the author: "Anthony was vexed." Our Albert and the lion promoted to literature.

Town and Haven is a chronicle; it is animated by an intense, obscure vitality; lit by the fire, as it were, of human energy and will, which darts in flashes from person to person, so that they are more vivid in their moments than in their years. Circumscribed as the book is by the local nature of its theme, it is a regional novel with an idiosyncrasy of its own.

It is unkind of Mr. Vincent Brun's publishers to call his *Untimely Ulysses* (Cape; 8s.) a "gorgeously unexpected entertainment." Anton, an Austrian refugee in London, is called to Austria to his father's deathbed, and there becomes involved in a complicated but rather trivial intrigue about his father's insurance policy. Various members of the family and the Nazis have their teeth into the document. Anton wins in this struggle, which is not without its horror; but he returns from the incredible misery of Nazi Austria only to find that no one in England will take his story seriously, or accept the sensational information he has brought out. The Austrian part of the story is shattering, but overcrowded with superfluous characters; the English part has some very proper refugee irony at our expense; and one farcical moment. The returned refugees arrive at the English Customs with an urn:

"The official looked sharply into his face. 'What does it contain?' He laid his hands on the seal. Anton said in an embarrassed way, 'Please, don't! Please don't open it.' And he leant over the table and whispered into the official's ear, 'Ashes. The mortal . . . remains . . . of my father . . .'"

Mr. Peter Fleming's *The Flying Visit* (Cape; 5s.), which Low has illustrated, is a good idea, which is sometimes very funny and sometimes not so very funny. Hitler flies over England, just to survey his next piece of *lebensraum*, an accident occurs and he lands unwillingly alone, in Metroland, by parachute. This makes him very sad and lonely; and at his loneliest and Mr. Fleming's funniest moment the Fuehrer attempts to scuttle himself. Certain not displeasing vulgarities follow, but lead, alas! to a no doubt inevitable but lame conclusion. "Silt as a Factor in International Relationships" is a good joke, but grotesquely unfair to the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

***Marlborough's** canteen took up residence last November in the police court at the picturesque old Town Hall, the courts moving to the council chamber on the first floor. Pillars and panelling and leaded windows give this canteen a special atmosphere of its own*

***The shop,** in one corner of the large court-room, does a steady trade. It is under the management of Mrs. Edwards, wife of a gentleman farmer in the neighbourhood. The library is another speciality in another corner of the canteen, run by Mrs. Walter Maurice, sister-in-law of Mrs. Tom Maurice (see below)*

Are You Being Served?

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens

Nos. 20 and 21. Y.M.C.A. Canteens at Marlborough and Devizes

Marlborough's canteen, at the Town Hall in the middle of the wide, attractive main street, opens from 10.30 to 11.15 a.m., 1 to 1.45 p.m., and 4 to 9.30 p.m. on week-days; all day at week-ends. On busy nights around 250 suppers are served. All the workers (they are all voluntary) told our reporter not to forget Mr. Thomes, the secretary, to whom much of the canteen's success is due. He was an ornamental mirror designer till his business vanished when the war began; took the Y.M.C.A. job till he is called up. He inaugurated the library, the shop, French classes in the winter, whist drives and concerts in the summer. The verdict is "The place couldn't get on without him." Devizes' canteen is a new and flourishing affair, known as the Godfrey Phillips Hut, having been presented by the well-known tobacco company. It was opened in May by Lord Roundway, former C.O. of the 2nd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards. Its excellent secretary is Mr. Angus, who has been with the Y.M.C.A. in their southern area for fifteen years and now looks on that part of the world as his home

***Washing-up** in front of a window looking out on Marlborough High Street are Mrs. Quinan, whose husband, Major-Gen. E. P. Quinan, is Commander of the Waziristan district of India, and Mrs. Tom Maurice. The latter is centre leader of Marlborough and district W.V.S., and head of the canteen*

***Clearing mugs** is Mrs. Hilton Stewart, wife of the music master at Marlborough College. She is deputy head of the canteen to Mrs. Tom Maurice. There are 150 voluntary helpers on the rota, mainly W.V.S. members, and they work, nine at a time, in shifts of three hours, as opposed to the usual four-hour canteen periods. Three are in the kitchen, three at the counter, and one each for shop, post office and library*

Through the hatch *comes an order, handed from kitchen to counter by a new recruit, Mrs. Leslie Taylor*

Devizes *has a lemonade fountain, the first to feature in one of our canteen-series photographs, therefore probably a rare luxury. Drawing a mugful is Miss Hutchinson*

Stores *at Devizes are managed by Miss Collis Sandes, J.P., who is also head of the voluntary staff. The kitchen has a paid staff of two*

On the fire *sizzle two frying eggs cooked by Mrs. Perkins. Marlborough reports that egg and fried bread (4d.) and sausages and mash (6d.) are most popular orders*

Tea-pouring *is Mrs. Hodge, a W.V.S. helper at the Devizes canteen. In spite of hot weather and Lord Woolton, tea is still the 90 per cent. favourite*

Window-dressing *is Miss Chisholm, who lives in Devizes and works regularly at the canteen. Arranging a good display of cigarettes and chocolates is an irresistible occupation*

The post office *at Marlborough is in charge of Mrs. Perkins, wife of the proprietor of the Wilts and Berks "Gazette." No change is given at the counter when orders are paid for, so this is also the cash desk*

Suiting the Season

Autumn Ahead

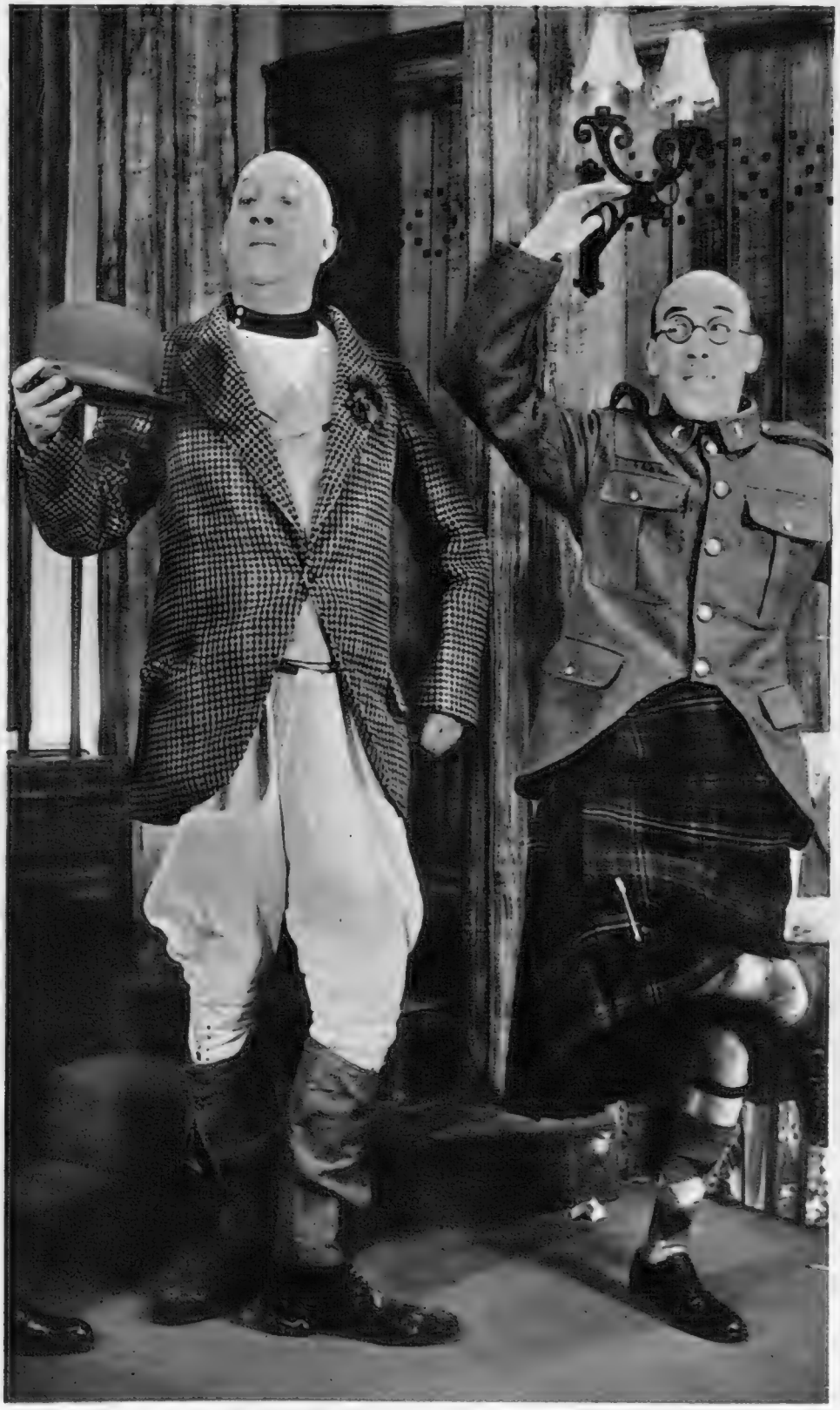
"Living a normal life" is the aim of modern mothers-to-be, who know that a carefully-chosen outfit can solve their problems. Treasure Cot, 103, Oxford Street, have devoted years of experience to planning maternity clothes that keep up your usual standard of dress and yet are quite inexpensive. The cardigan suit above, for four and a half guineas, can be worn by itself or under a topcoat in really cold weather. It has a well-cut jacket and wrap-over skirt, and they have it in all sorts of colours. This firm also specialises in the essential foundation garments, and will be pleased to give their advice or send their booklets

The first autumn collections used to appear with a froth of fantastic detail, which usually vanished as the season advanced. This year all superfluities have been pruned away, leaving clothes that are eminently practical, depending for their effect upon tailored lines and good materials. Colours, too, are brighter. The Jaeger suit on the right is a clear thrush-egg blue, cut with a double line of buttons, like a military overcoat, and two high breast pockets. The skirt is gored, giving at the same time a slim line and complete freedom of movement. This and the other Jaeger models are sold at their shops all over the country and at 204, Regent Street

"Women Aren't Angels"

Drayton and Hare Bring Farce Back to London

***Trousers** (though pretty feminine examples of the species) are worn by Judy Kelly, leading lady of "Women Aren't Angels," while the play's comedians wear skirts, kilts and what have you in the nether-garment line*



***Funny Hats** are all very well for the Prime Minister, but the sartorial humour of a Drayton-Hare farce is by immemorial tradition worn (and frequently doffed) lower down. In Vernon Sylvaine's new farce full advantage is taken of the wartime vogue for uniforms to give meek Robertson Hare all sorts of unfamiliar things to have taken off, while Alfred Drayton favours a highly original sporting compôte*

After weeks in which the West End has survived with no theatrical diversion between revue and melodrama, those hardy annuals, Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton, have brought back to the Strand Theatre that pillar of English theatrical art, the debagging farce. All the standard ingredients are ingeniously mixed into *Women Aren't Angels*, which has, in addition, a topical military twang. After touring the provinces for some while, the play came to the Strand Theatre last Thursday. A special preliminary performance was given on Monday for members of the Forces, who laughed as heartily as good Englishmen should at this new offshoot of a tradition they have never failed to find uproarious

American-English Wedding

The American Ambassador, Mr. Joseph Kennedy, went down to Bray to see Ensign William Somers Mailliard, U.S.N.R., and Aline Elizabeth Whinney married. Ensign Mailliard, attached to the American Embassy here, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Ward Mailliard, of San Francisco. His bride is the second daughter of Mrs. Croysdale and stepdaughter of T. P. Croysdale, of Gays House, Holyport, Berks.

Social Register

Welsh-Canadian Wedding

Lieut.-Com. Charles Evan-Thomas, R.N., of Llwyn Madoc, Breconshire, and Evva Travers Lewis, youngest daughter of the late John Travers Lewis, K.C., and Mrs. Travers Lewis, of Ottawa, Canada, were married in Chelsea

Pig Distribution by a Minister's Sister

Miss Violet Hudson is the sister of R. S. Hudson, the Minister of Agriculture, and lives in Wimbledon. At Haven Cottage she is carrying out an agricultural policy of her own: the garden has been divided into twenty allotments for vegetable-growing, and part of it is a clearing-ground for pigs. Miss Hudson delivers animals from the Central Pig Breeders' Council to new Pig Clubs in the neighbourhood, and also collects swill from houses and shops to feed them on, driving round on these errands in a pony-cart

Eton Engagement

Helena Lyttelton is the second daughter of the Hon. George and Mrs. Lyttelton, of Warre House, Eton College, and niece of Viscount Cobham. Her fiancé, Peter Laurence, is, like her father, an Assistant Master at Eton; he is the son of the late Aubrey T. Laurence, K.C., and Mrs. Laurence, of Lindsey House, S.W.3

The First Wartime Eton and Harrow Match was played at Harrow

No Lord's this year, no coaches, club-tents, raspberries and cream, no crowd of socialites scuffling and parading round and round with not a glimmer of interest in the cricket. This year on the Sixth Form ground at Harrow the cricket was the thing, and the spectators had an exciting one-day match to watch, with Eton the winners by one wicket

Engaged to a Scot

Left: Anne Pearson, seventeen-year-old daughter of Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., by his first wife, announced her engagement ten days ago to Michael Anthony Cristobal Noble. He is the youngest son of the late Sir John Noble, Bt., of Ardkinglas, Argyllshire, and brother of the present baronet. Anne Pearson is a granddaughter of Violet Lady Melchett

Another Engagement

Magdalen Lister Robinson and Sub-Lieut. John Hunt, R.N.V.R., announced their engagement two weeks ago. He is the son of Captain and Mrs. A. L. Hunt, of Hale House, Churt, Surrey. She is the younger daughter of Sir Roy Lister Robinson, chairman of the Forestry Commission, and Lady Lister Robinson, of 57, Sloane Gardens, S.W.1

Eton Bowler and Supporters

Above is David Duckham, one of Eton's bowlers, with Tim Headley, Lucia Lawson, and David Dickson. Below is E. Crutchley, whose century made him a hero of Harrow's victory last year; this year he made 22. He is talking to an old Harrovian, Sq.-Leader Ian Orr-Ewing, and Mrs. Orr-Ewing (Joan McMinnies before their wedding last autumn)

Harrow Batsman and Supporters

Mr. and Mrs. John Curle were two of the 3000 spectators at this year's Eton and Harrow match. They were married a month ago. He is in the Irish Guards. She was Diana Deane, is the daughter of Com. and Mrs. R. H. Deane, of Warninglid Grange, Sussex

Young Marrieds

"Bystander" Short Story

Rather a Pity

By Betty Askwith : *Illustration by Josef Barnden*

MANY people think that I have a bad influence over Ray. Personally I don't agree with them. Granted that when he is with me he often is cynical, brutal, and sometimes just plain nasty; that when he is alone with me (this, of course, other people don't know), his mind and his whole moral attitude, if I may use such a phrase, sink to a very low level; but then there *is* a very nasty streak in Ray. I think I perform the useful service of a lightning-conductor. The mean side of him comes uppermost when he is with me, talks itself out, and is exorcised, and he is able to be considerate, charming, wistful and lovable when he is with other people. When he is with Hester, for instance, to whom he invariably shows his best side.

Hester thinks I have a bad influence on Ray. I knew that for years, although she never said so, because she is not such a fool. She did break out and say it once, both to Ray and myself, after the affair of the opium smoking. She thinks I led Ray into it, which is perfectly true, and she has never forgiven me since. She has forgiven Ray, of course.

Personally, I think she might have married him. She is the only girl he really likes. He does like her and respect her, and what is more, he finds her attractive—but the trouble is she is too nice. She won't try to get him. She won't run after him, ever. When Ray wants a little of the perfectly idiotic, nauseous flattery which other women pour over him, Hester just looks the other way. This is a fine foundation for friendship, but it means that Ray's emotions are continually being diverted by other women, who make all the advances and practically drag him into bed with them. The affair lasts at fever-heat for a fortnight or so, then Ray has a terrible time getting away, and then they are gone for ever. Meanwhile, Hester is always in the background—but it is the background. I think she would have liked the foreground for once in a way. I don't know, maybe she wouldn't ever have married him, but I think she would, I think she would. Anyway, she 's well out of it.

As it is she is proud, as women are, of what she has got. She does feel, with justice, that she is something to Ray, something quite unlike what anyone else could be; and she does feel, with pride, that with her Ray is at his best — that with her he is gentle and considerate and "good," and that that is the foundation of the relationship between them. Once again she is perfectly right, but she could never have gone on believing that if she had read Ray's last novel.

It was a novel that had caused him no end of trouble. One of the most surprising things about Ray is his conscientiousness as a workman. His light, witty plays, his satirical novels, give the impression of being tossed off like a puff of dandelion seeds, between dinner and the theatre, between two epigrams and a love affair; but actually the way Ray likes to work is at a desk between 11 and 5, with an apple and a glass of water brought on a tray at 1.30. When things are going well, he turns off his stuff with as much ease and regularity as a third leader writer. But this novel for some reason got stuck. It moved jerkily, heavily and laboriously through May and June. It was in a bad way when Hester sailed for the West Indies at the beginning of July, and Ray was in despair about it when we went down to the South of France in the first week in August.

"It 's hopeless, Peter," he said disgustedly, thrusting an untidy sheaf of papers at me one evening as we sat by the edge of the swimming-pool. "You needn't even bother to type it out. It 's muck, and I know it."

It was pretty bad. One couldn't exactly say why. There was nothing to lay a finger on, but it just didn't have the authentic Ray Caryll touch. It read like a conscientious young man trying to imitate him. I searched for the best thing to say.

"I quite like the description of the party," I said. "And that little scene with the girl and the young man. I suppose she 's Hester?"

"I suppose she is," Ray agreed, taking back the manuscript and looking at it with languid interest. His major characters were generally extensions of Ray Caryll, sometimes in the most unlikely forms, but his minor characters were often clearly recognisable, and this was Hester down to the very details of her personal appearance. I thought she would be rather pleased.

"Does she come in again?" I asked.

"No," said Ray, "no. At least . . . well, she might. Yes, she might. I won't go to the Casino to-night, Peter. Ring up and tell Lady Bravington. I want to work."

He worked hard for three days, and at the end of the time gave me a large bundle of stuff to type. When I had done it I said:

"Well, now you 're on the right track again. But you must change that scene at the party, otherwise everyone will think the girl 's Hester."

"But she isn't Hester any more," said Ray, "she 's herself, she 's Margaret. She 's running away with the book, the little bitch."

"I know," I said, "but if you leave her with a lock of brown hair that keeps flopping into her eyes, and a chin with a cleft in it, and just that funny rather emphatic way of saying things, everyone in London will think it 's Hester."

"But Margaret had all those things," persisted Ray. "She *was* like that, I can't change her."

"But if you make her run after Reggie, so desperately, so painfully and yet so priggishly, everyone will think that 's the way it is between Hester and you."

"Let them think," said Ray.

And nothing would budge him. He wasn't going to spoil the novel he 'd got started on with such difficulty. He didn't care what people said, he didn't care what Hester thought. When I persisted, he began to say and to think that perhaps Hester was like that really. Perhaps she had been running after him and persecuting him all these years. Perhaps she was a tiresome prig, with a mean, bitchy little soul concealed under it all. There was, there is, as I have before stated, an extremely nasty streak in Ray.

I was in a quandary. I could have destroyed the manuscript, of course. Even though that would have been like destroying property worth between £800 and £1400. But Ray could have and would have rewritten it. As for influencing him and getting him into a reasonable frame of mind about it, I might just as well have tried to stop the Scotch Express at a wayside station by waving a penny flag at it.

And then, in a very low bar in Golfe Juan, I happened to run into André Bernard. I had known him well when I lived in Paris, and was quite pleased to see his yellow, intelligent face. We had a Pernod together, and he told me that he was staying a week or two with an aunt who had a villa at Vallauris, preparatory to going on to Marseilles, where he was meeting Jean Grenier and Edmond Vallès and some friends of theirs who were landing from Tunis. "Pourquoi mon petit ne viens tu pas? Ca t'amuseras! Vraiment c'est quelqu' chose qu'on doit connaître."

I knew what it all meant. They were going on an opium-smoking jag, and I declined with thanks. Then I had a sudden inspiration, and I asked André to dinner the next evening.

Never have I worked harder at making two people like each other than I did with Ray and André. I exaggerated André's literary achievements. I told Ray he was the most important of the

(*Concluded on page 128*)

"Ray took to opium like a duck takes to water."

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Howard — Reynolds

Capt. Edward Francis Eliot Howard, Artists' Rifles, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eliot Howard, of Coleshill, Amersham, Bucks., and Mary Du Cane Reynolds were married at St. Stephen's, Gloucester Road. She is the daughter of H. O. Reynolds, Financial Commissioner of Burma, and Mrs. Reynolds, was formerly Secretary to Sir John Simon when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer

Russell-Walling — Cregan

Lieut. Trevor Russell-Walling, R.N., younger son of the late A. E. Russell-Walling, and Mrs. Russell-Walling, of Findon, King's Lynn, Norfolk, and Colette Cregan, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. T. Cregan, of 57, Sloane Street, S.W.1, were married at Bradfield, Essex

Kelaher — Watson

Flight-Lieutenant Carl Richard Kelaher, R.A.F., of Sydney, Australia, and Rosalie Phyllis Gros Watson, daughter of Sir Alfred Watson, of 29, Malvern Court, S.W.7, and the late Lady Watson, were married at Kensington register office

Pooley — Carey

Capt. C. C. B. Pooley, R.A., and Diana Carey, younger daughter of Maj.-Gen. G. G. S. Carey, of the Old Rectory, Trotton, Sussex, and the late Mrs. Carey, were married at Trotton. He is the son of the late C. B. Pooley, and Mrs. Pooley, of 9, Airlie Gardens, Notting Hill Gate, W.

Tull — Pantlin

Richard Edward Tull, only son of the late Edward Tull, and Mrs. Tull, of 31, The Close, Salisbury, Wilts., and Phillida Caryl Pantlin, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pantlin, of Marley House, Battle, Sussex, were married at Caxton Hall register office

Goodhew — Johnson

Victor H. Goodhew, R.A.F., and Sylvia Johnson were married at St. Mary's, Nottingham. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Goodhew, of 15, Wool Road, Wimbledon, her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Percy Johnson, of 7, Clumber Crescent, Nottingham

Beard — Davey

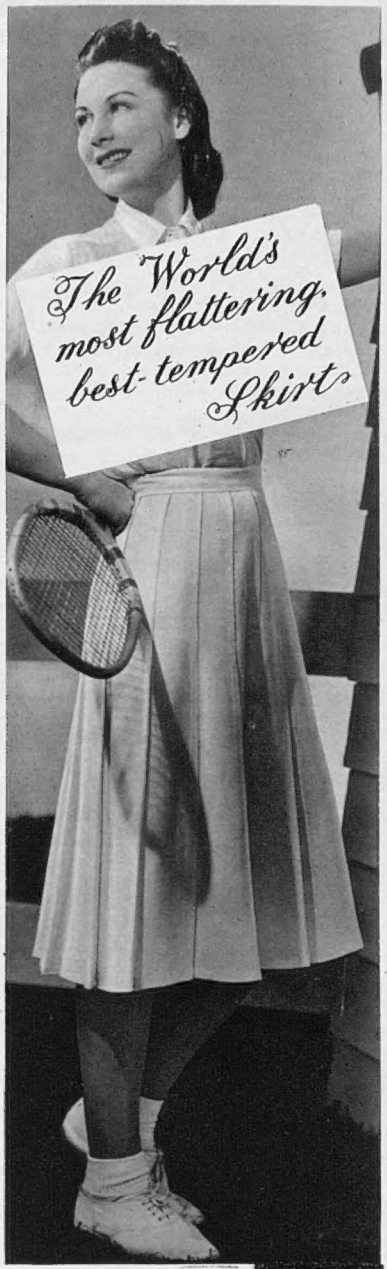
John Beard, Colonial Forest Service (Trinidad), elder son of J. Stanley Beard, of Garshott Hall, Hants., and Pamela Davey, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Davey, of Fleet, Hants., were married at Fleet Parish Church

Tasker — Carter

Antony Greaves Tasker, only son of the late Capt. R. G. Tasker, and Mrs. Harold Raymond, of 9, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8, and Elizabeth Gilmor Carter, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. H. Carter, of Grove Fields, Frimley, Hants., were married at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington

Williams — Muir

Evan Morgan Williams and Gillian Rachel Muir, of Postlip Hall, Winchcombe, Glos., daughter of the late Mr. Muir, and Mrs. David Mitchell, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is well known as a jockey and trainer, rode Royal Mail in the National, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Williams, of Cowbridge, Glamorgan



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Getting Married *(Continued)*

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Eckersley

Timothy Huxley Eckersley and Penelope Anne Hammersley had a country wedding earlier this month. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Eckersley, of Renby Grange, Boar's Head, Sussex, and she is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Hammersley, of Saxons, Buxted, Sussex. Her father is M.P. for East Willesden

Abel Smith—de Falbe

Thomas Abel Smith, of Woodhall Park, Hertford, son of the late Major and Mrs. Edward Pelham Smith, and Alma de Falbe, daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. V. W. de Falbe, of Thundridge, Ware, Herts., were married at Thundridge Church

Cadogan—Zilliacus

Christopher Michael Cadogan, son of Commander and Mrs. Francis Cadogan, of Quenington Old Rectory, Fairford, Glos., and Stella Irena Zilliacus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. Zilliacus, of South Ridge, Shere, Surrey, and 39, Albany Street, N.W., were married at Holy Trinity, Marylebone

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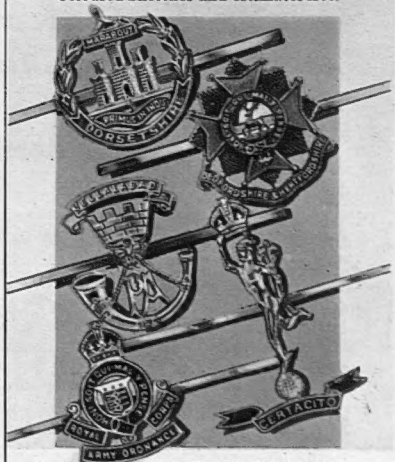

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Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Incongruities

WHERE and how and what?—these are the queries that everybody feels about everybody else these days, so often without hope of any answer. Now and again a familiar name flashes across the screen. Miss Joan Pemberton, last heard of ambulance-driving and, incidentally, winning the scratch prize at the Birkdale part of the *Daily Sketch* War Relief Fund Competition, then flitting across it as possibly accompanying children on seavacuation. Lady Knollys, of Parliamentary Foursomes fame, has taken her children to the U.S.A. Then one hears that Mrs. Noel Layton is preparing to be snowed under at the headquarters of the "pans-into-planes" movement. And that Mrs. Norman Craig was one of those folk, thankful to escape with their lives, who fled from lovely homes in the South of France on one of those gallant little ships, designed only to carry a few score, who staggered back to England with many hundred in the sort of epic that needs a Kipling for its telling.

IT is difficult not to turn back from these sort of realities to think of these people in surroundings that now seem rather like pleasant dreams. Miss Pemberton spells Stoke and the Girls' Championship, an immaculate little figure in the most perfectly-cut skirts and the best of jerseys, given a style by the flair she had for adding a gay handkerchief or fal-lal worn better than the generality of schoolgirls would achieve. Another flash-back focusses on a traffic-block at Hammersmith Broadway, where she and Miss Jessie Anderson were snuggled into the dickey of a two-seater on the way back from Ranelagh, feeling as if every motor-bus must be going to swallow them up. Actually the only thing that swallowed them was the packet of strokes they had to give in the semi-final of those 1935 Autumn Foursomes to the Welsh couple, Miss Shelagh Gibbs and Miss Mary Thomson, who put up a new record by winning the event from the limit handicap.

MRS. NOEL LAYTON, amongst her aluminium, recalls many a Worplesdon final, when she made part of the gallery to watch her husband win with Miss D. R. Fowler, and run up with Mrs. Patey, Mrs. Alec Gold, and Miss Kathleen Garnham. Her own achievements, with a bit of handicap to help, were not inconsiderable in Surrey county tournaments played over neutral greens through the winter months, but those are not spectacular affairs, and even an industrious journalist in search of copy or taking a busman's holiday scarcely added to the year's mileage by following them. But the journalist at the end of a day's work was not averse to a cup of tea (or something stronger), with a kind hostess, a charming house and garden, a bevy of dogs and a donkey whose intelligence was almost fabulous, and had to be seen to be believed. Mrs. Layton's parties were one of the features of the English at St. Enodoc, a championship that really will never be forgotten by reason of West Country welcome, perfect weather and a course of quite outstanding interest. I fancy that St. Enodoc, of all courses, will have no need to trench its fairway against the possible landings of hostile aircraft: it would be a pretty puzzle to find 300 flat yards thereabouts.

ST. ENODOC and its sands and big Atlantic rollers, where we surfed of an evening, brings the mind back to Mrs. Norman Craig and that nightmare voyage of hers as a refugee. How many of the eighteen girls who have held her cup—the Craig Bogey Scratch Challenge Cup for players beaten in the first, second and third round of the Girls' Championship, as the formula used to run—will have connected the two if they read the *Daily Telegraph* and saw her name? Once upon a time Mrs. Craig used to play for Cheshire and captain it. Then came a move south, and the very keenest of interest in everybody else's golf, and a kindly helping hand to them, and though her own was of the handicap variety and owed nothing to classic style, she was a coveted partner, and an extremely shrewd judge of other people's form. How else did her familiar white car, the last word of the moment, always contrive to turn up at the precise spot, away out in the rush country of Burnham, when Miss Cecil Leitch had just flattened out some hapless opponent?

Those Burnham summer meetings were unlike any others: a succession of scratch tournaments, handicap tournament for the losers, foursomes, mixed foursomes, one-club seven-a-side matches, with wonderful prizes and wonderful weather, sailors in full rig, with roses in their buttonholes, to carry for you, and long, lazy evenings under the trees in the Manor House garden. Yes; Mrs. Norman Craig, usually in white clothes as faultless as her car, a refugee on an overcrowded cargo-boat! Fantastic, but I can almost hear the cheerful laugh with which she would face that, or anything else in this mad world.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Rather a Pity

(Continued from page 124)

younger French novelists; and Ray, who has the English intellectual's rather pathetic reverence for Gallic artistic achievement, was impressed. I told André, on the other hand, that Ray was excessively "mondaine," and that he was on terms of great intimacy with duchesses, Cabinet Ministers, and most of the Royal family. French intellectuals think nothing of their English confrères, but they have a romantic interest in the pageant of English "county" life. André in his turn was impressed. Finally, I got him to ask us both to accompany him to Marseilles, and I got Ray to accept the invitation. I made both of them believe that they were doing the other a favour. I sweated blood over it.

We went. "I shall only stay here a couple of days," said Ray. "I just want to see what it's like, and what the younger French intellectuals are like, and then I shall go back. I want to get on with my book."

We all dined with Jean Grenier that evening. He looked desperately ill, with his large, dark eyes burning up his pale sallow face. Except that he looked much older, he bore a striking resemblance to his celebrated photographs. He had an Arabian boy who never left his side except to go an occasional small errand. His conversation was excessively affected and often very funny. Ray, who has a perfect accent and an excellent command of colloquial French which lasts him for precisely three and a half sentences, began to get rather restive.

After a long dinner, ending with Turkish coffee, Jean Grenier at last rose, and began to invest himself with an innumerable series of mufflers and cardigans. When he had topped them up with a villainous tweed coat—"Anglais—pour le sport"—we climbed into a taxi and drove to the Vieux Port.

The place we went to was just as fake and just as sordid as I'd expected. By this time I was sure that my half-formed rather desperate plan was doomed to failure, and I didn't much care. But I got a surprise. Ray took to opium like a duck takes to water.

I don't much like the stuff myself, it makes me feel sick. I got desperate sitting there pretending to smoke, watching Ray lying on that dirty couch, with its fake Oriental trimmings, staring at the ceiling. After a bit I got frightened too. I needn't give a description of all that Ray felt; of that disembodied wisdom, of that wonderful lucidity of spirit, that possessed him. It is all written down in the chapter on opium-smoking in *At Last the Night*, by far the best thing he ever did. I gather from Ray that that is the ideal state; that you only see visions and great golden dragons climbing up and down the curtains if you've had too much; like seeing pink rats after too much alcohol. But he did get to the dragon stage, all the same. I don't know how I should have got him out, if luckily the police hadn't raided the place. It was a fearful scandal, mostly concentrated, thank heaven, on Jean Grenier, but Ray was known to be in it too, though I managed to keep his name out of the papers.

He spent six weeks in a sanatorium, and crawled out of there still pretty shaky. During that time, his half-finished novel had mysteriously disappeared, and he couldn't make the effort to re-write it. During the past weeks it had receded terribly far into the background. It was easy, with a little judicious tact, to persuade him to write something about the opium. Jean Grenier is clearly recognisable in *At East the Night*, but luckily he doesn't read English, and wouldn't care if he did.

But Hester is terribly worried in case Ray should take to it again, and I dare say he will, because he certainly did like it far more than I expected. And Hester will hardly speak to me now, which in a way is a pity, because I've always been in love with her, and I expect I always shall be. Well, anyway, she never liked me much. She always felt I had a bad influence over Ray.

THE END.

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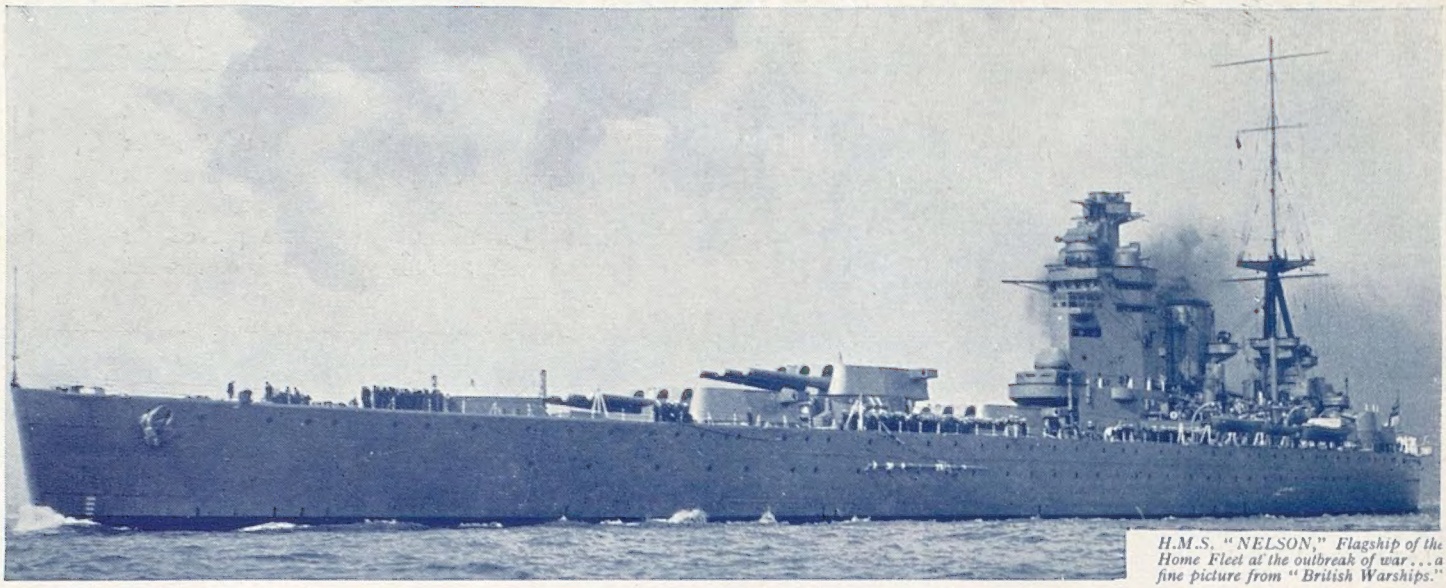

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